I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wond'ring eyes,
  So bright a Scene of Triumphs rise?
  Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* such Lawrels wear
As Crown'd the last Auspicious Year?
When first at *Blenheim* ANNE her Ensigns spread,
And *Marlbrough* to the field the shouting Squadrons led.
  In vain the Hills and Streams oppose,
In vain the hollow Ground in faithless hillocks rose:
  To the rough *Danube's* winding shore
His shatter'd Foes the Conqu'ring Hero bore.

II.

THEY see with staring haggard Eyes,
The rapid Torrent rowl, the foaming Billows rise.
Amaz'd, agast, they turn, but find
In *Marlbrough's* Arms a surer fate behind.
Now his red Sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking Heads descends;
  Wild distracted with their Fears,
They justling, plunge amid the sounding deeps,
  The Flood away the strugling Squadrons sweeps,
And Men and Arms and Horses whirling bears.
  The frighted *Danube* to the Sea retreats,
  The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,
  Flying the Thunder of Great ANNA's Fleets.

III.

ROOK o're the Seas asserts Her sway,
  Flames o're the trembling Ocean play,
  And Clouds of Smoke involve the day;
    Affrighted *Europe* hears the Canons roar,
  And *Afric* ecchoes from it's distant Shore
    The *French* unequal in the fight,
    In force superior take their flight;
  Factions in vain the Hero's worth decry
  In vain the Vanquish'd triumph while thy fly.

IV.

Now *Janus* with a future View
The Glories of Her reign survey,
Which shall o're *France* Her Arms display,
　And Kingdoms now Her own subdue.
　Lewis for oppreſſion born,
　Lewis in his turn ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd Happy Swains
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd for chains.
Others enſlave by Victory,
　Their Subjects as their Foes oppreſs;
　ANNA conquers but to free,
　And governs but to bleſs.